UNDER THE YOKE

IN the museum of the State House in Topeka, Kansas, there is an old ox yoke that has evidently served out its time. Perhaps it was used in the days when the old Santa Fe Trail was still used. As you stand before it you wonder how many trips it may have made across the prairies and the mountains on the swaying necks of the oxen and what stories it could tell if it were given a mouth to speak.

The yoke is for service, and we generally think of the hardships connected with it. We think of the weight of the yoke across the necks of the draft animals, of the sores that are caused by the constant rubbing, and of the rough, callous places that come under the heavy crosspiece. We think of the long stretches of the trail that the heavily loaded "prairie schooners" must have measured off day after day. We think of the rainy days when the trail was slippery and the wheels sank deep down into the soft earth. We think of the rocky steeps where the oxen struggled upward step by step, patiently doing their best. We can almost hear the rough curses of the drivers and feel the sharp goad or the heavy whip.

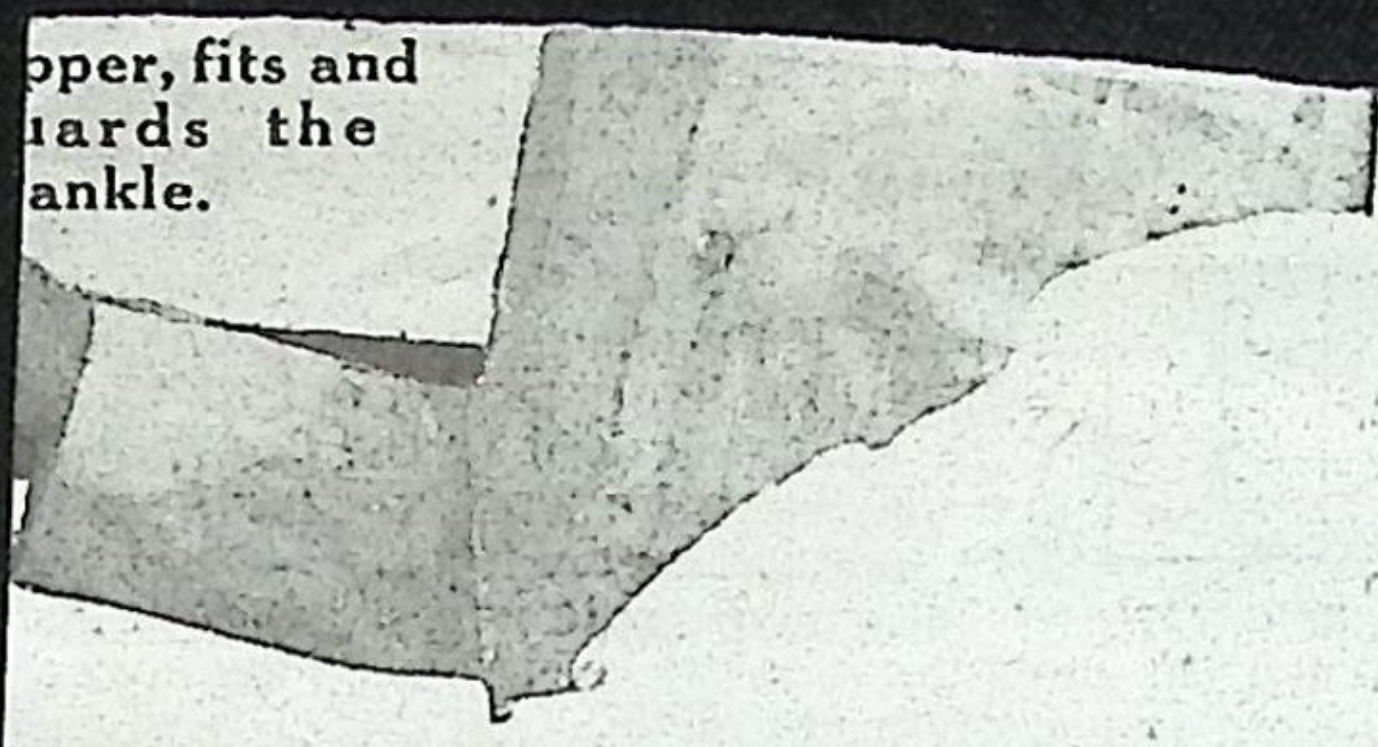
But that is not the whole story that the yoke can tell. It can tell of service well done: loads of merchandise drawn across the plains and mountains to those who were in need, families transported to their new homes, farmers with their ploughs and harrows, miners with their picks and shovels, architects and engineers and workmen taken to new country to lay out farms and cities. It can tell of the wonderful sights in the strange, new lands and of the view from the mountain top, after you have struggled up the long, hard trail.

It can tell of comradeship in service. The yoke is made for two. The desperately hard pulls are not made alone, but side by side with another. The young ox is put with the old, and he learns to pull and to turn and to obey the commands of the driver by working side by side with the old ox that knows the ways of the yoke well.

A yoke means learning to "pull together." It means discipline. It means some hardships, of course. It also means service accomplished that is worth while. It means rest after the long journey is ended.

Jesus says, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me." Let us be true yokefellows with Jesus and learn of Him the ways of life's service that we may know better how to enter into the companionship of service with our fellow men. Let us learn to "pull together," to endure hardships, to bear with the discipline of life and to be satisfied with work well done.

Scars of the yoke, when gained in service with and for our fellow men, are honorable scars, and tell the story of a life well lived.



Perfect Feet

on to Parents

dren are disabled for life,
ist says, "they have spinal
he moderate deformity to
"

parents from many author-
ers of wrong-built shoes in
es are soft and pliable, and
hat crowd them.

bones and bunions. Nature, with this aid of Selz Liberty Bell Shoes, can develop perfect feet.

Made of All-Leather —Two-fold Durability

Like every Selz shoe, these are built of all leather. They wear amazingly in spite of the children's